

I never dreamed I would be doing this into my 70's when I graduated from Ft Lauderdale so long ago.

From time to time, I just need to get into the woods for a time and recently was able to do that. I drove up 175 miles to a lodge that some friends own to spend the night. The next day I headed to the woods to a 40 acre place I own. The nearest people to my property were at the lodge 17.5 miles away, 1.5 hours travel time by snow machine.

I was able to spend five days/nights there and had a great time. My new machine would not start one afternoon, but I was able to get it going the next morning. I knew if I was not calling Marti or Bryan, my son, on time then they would have someone out looking for me.

I've never been "rescued" yet and did not want to break my pattern. So I came back early as the machine had started and I did not want to turn it off as it might not restart. If the machine had worked correctly I would have stayed another week.

Attached are a few pictures. Outbound is the loaded sled with my equipment and my machine which is now at the dealers for a full check over.



Breaking and clearing trail is where I am going. The trail in the snow is from where moose and caribou have walked. Due to my not going recently the trees have to be cleared in order to get the equipment in to where I wanted to camp. I had almost two miles of this to bust and clear. This is the remains of a seismic trail cleared in the 60's. The only evidence of anyone else being in the area are signs of a fur trapper from several years ago.



Oops! keep it upright is where the operator, (me), screwed up. Going too fast to bust the trail in the snow and hit a bump that tipped me over. Damn thing weights in around 500 lbs. and is a bear to roll back upright.







Home is the tent up and where I camped while I was out this time. The sun is just showing.



26 below is a picture of the temp at two pm located five feet off the ground. The lodge was recording 35-40 below the nights I was camping. When it was 26 below this afternoon at my tent they recorded 37 below at the lodge 17.5 miles away that night.

Always something to do. Plans are to go back as soon as the Rondy and Ididarod are over; in mid-March.

Oh yes, I do this by myself not with a bunch of other people.

But, you could join me if you like?

I've also attached a copy of the recent photo I sent to Dave to update our class reunion web site with.

That's what I look like without shaving for a couple weeks, ole gray beard.

